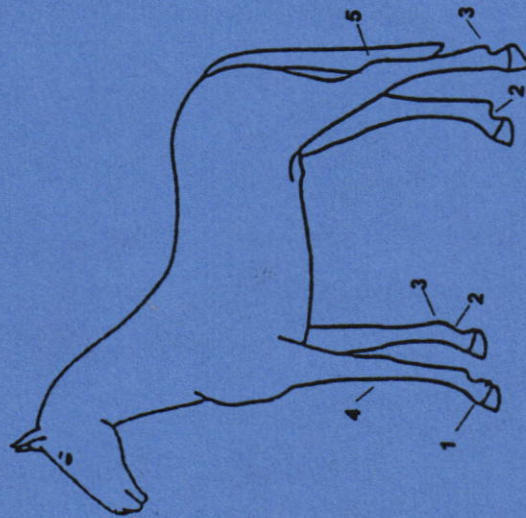


# DO SOMETHING



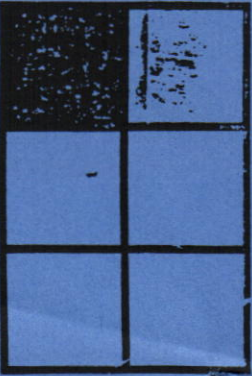
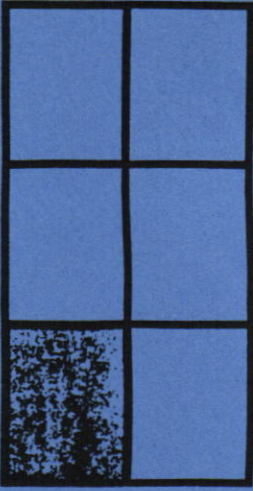
following dizzy nats around the room. the ones who fly with no direction then a zigzag pattern then no direction again. if you could call it flying and not surviving..forced into these wierd patterns because its what nature intended and they really have no other options. if their tiny memories or any nerve filing systems could last longer than half a second maybe they would go beyond accidentally landing on something food, or accidentally providing the matter to be swallowed by a tiny spider. maybe they would stop circling and zigzagging, and make a straight line out the wide window of this room. maybe theyd join a nat commune, or fall in love, or change the world. maybe theyd stop fucking flying in crooked circles. maybe theyd stop doing what they were intended to do; what nature asks of them and what seems so pointless and uninspiring that maybe its actually there; that nature of theirs, just so theres something more beautiful about not being those nats.



Your drugs used to be some kind of mind experiment and they made you see things differently.

You told me so many times that all people want is love, and they're just afraid, and that people can't get past their shit. You tell me about girls that you fell helplessly liking to, and how they didn't understand how beautiful they were, or how they lit up your day. and I thought to myself- you don't understand how beautiful you are but now all that's left of you is tired days, glazed over eyes and stares in boring directions with nothing to say but yeah man.

I told me how you wished you had someone to travel with. I cried when you talked about people, the way you made everything sound so simple and innocent. thoughts for me, said you would. didn't. now yr just simple. I wish someone could have loved you ~~andxxxxxxxyxxxxxx~~ so you could give your fragile mind and heart a break and be the love that you are inside.

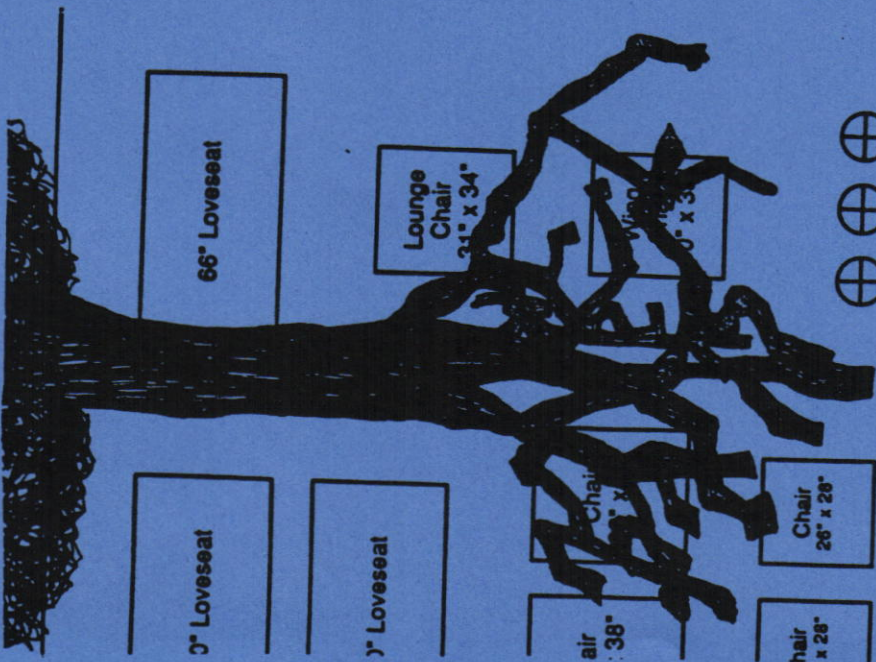


wugdumb #6 x x x

september 2001

<http://whatdistr0.homestead.com>  
ilovefyp@hotmail.com

Table and Floor Lamps



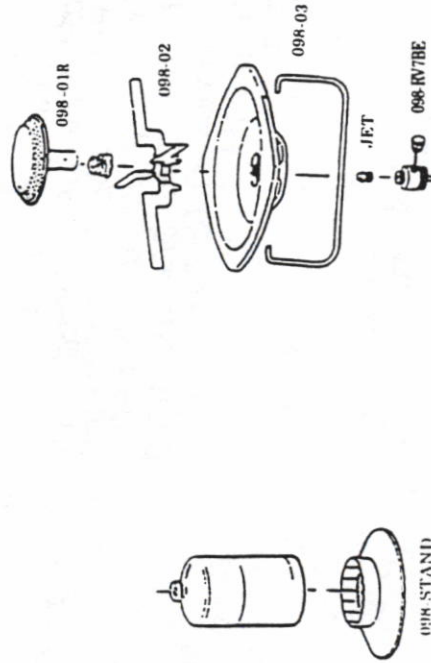


you can taste the bitter soap on the spoon  
 surrounding the food, that circles faded to  
 break. as we've seen in the past it doesn't end  
 in a new house. hell never make you happy.

it's hard to want to include utters,  
 conclusions, any text not drawn from  
 a black or white emotion and not  
 meant to be pretty but just straight-  
 from your regular everyday self. if  
 that even exists. never seems good  
 enough - not vague enough. doesn't give  
 the power of flowing to be read with or  
 understood. no margin for "you weren't  
 abused, you can't relate" or thinking  
 can smother than you. cos here i am  
 it's just me.



thanks for your time.



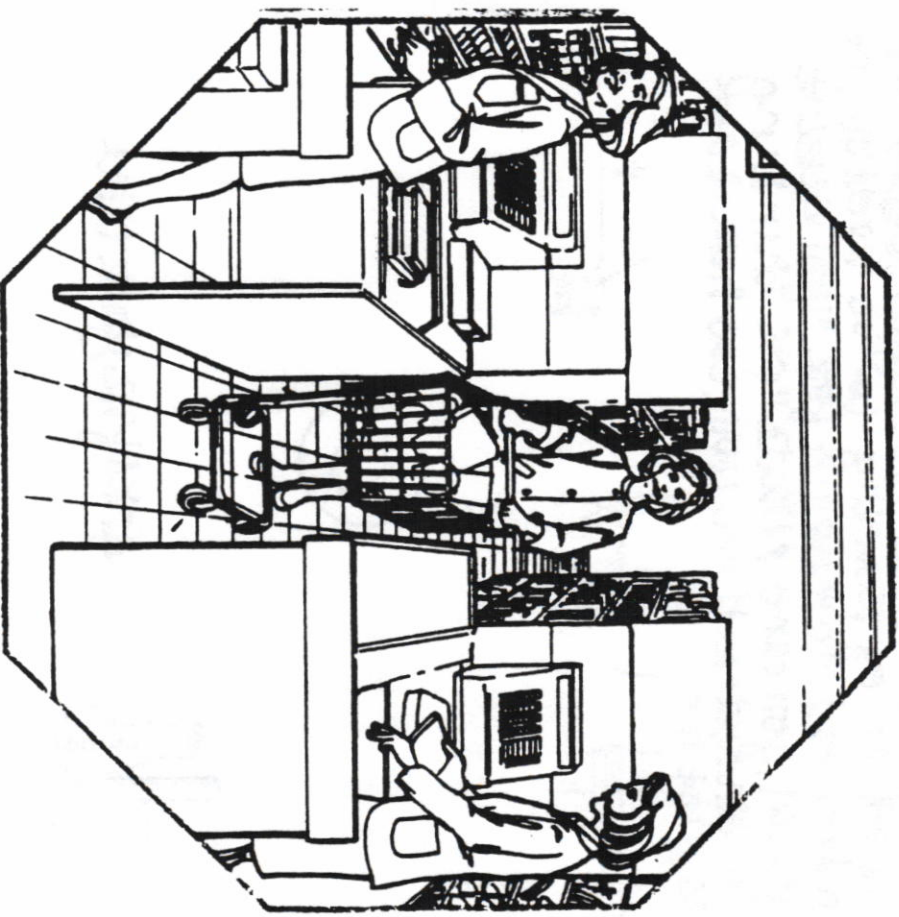
It's weird I have this thing where writing journal entry type things in my notebook almost seems pointless. I used to write in my journal at least once a day for an hour straight, and I'd read it later and feel

comforted and this was when I had no

social life. except for with my boyfriend Nick and we spent our weekends watching pizza and watching movies. And that time period, my mom and her boyfriend, whose house we lived at, they fought all the time, everyday a huge fight, and when I accepted his offers to have some of his weed, I'd leave them out there on the porch right after and I'd get in the bath with just candles keeping the bathroom lit and start writing and then start fighting again. It was these scenes, crying, wetting my journals with tears and cooling bath water, that I wrote my best poems. I'd write again on my bed after mom asked me if I was okay or said that we'd leave. Soon, or after we'd talk as a family about how we were gonna work it out and we'd think of new jobs we'd have to make sure we all felt appreciated. And I'd fall asleep after writing while watching the Fox network, that always talked to me and gave me attention. And I'd wake again during math class when I got there in time before I was locked out. And I'd write during English when we weren't doing busy-work which I had to do to pass and I failed anyway. And I'd write during history and I'd read all my old journal entries throughout the day. I'd feel really good and intelligent and that I was growing. But I spoke to no one in class except to trash and burn on journalism when we played dot grid or hangman. And then and I would talk about books and human nature and violence and together we stole stacks of paper from the school printing room so we could print out my zine.

spinning around in circles or dancing on the carpet or laughing when no one else seems to even hear us. it comes in moments like that when you don't expect it.

And so it goes.

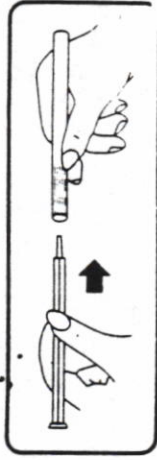




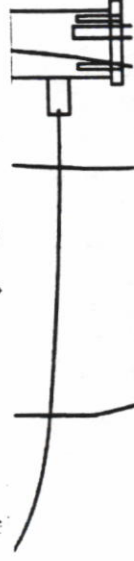
I tell her I miss her over the phone. Never thought I would say that to her, but the popular phrase of whatever that says "everybody hates their mom at some time" is becoming more understandable, and it almost seems that everything I ever felt towards her could be just categorized as "typical", and that now I am a formal human/queen who misses her mom because she wants someone to be herself around. What's happening here?



to weed how much views you think are so permanent change to be things of the arrogant, ignorant and young past. I thought everything he did was perfect. I could look up to him, watch to see what he would do in situations which I had difficulty in myself. I wanted to be just like him and still to this day (as if I've been all that long since...) I'll say peanut butter should always be kept in the cabinet... and I'll be there... and every great habit that you should inherit from your dad. except how I have realized that he wasn't being nice or silly when he said I am his best teacher. I actually do have stuff to teach him and he doesn't know how to teach. I want to say though, that I don't still think of him as "like genius" but I do.



And that was the time that I used my journal the most, when my computer was so slow that it was a waste of time to update my website, and when I spoke so little and had so much rage and pain that yesterday's entries were my only friend. And when my mom and I did move I felt better right away and somehow I was walking on sunshine and had nothing to be secretive of and I had nothing to write about except food craving and those were my happiest days for a long time. But then summer came and black was clothing and the color of my world with every shirt and I wrote tirelessly in my journal and our computer was good for everything but the website so I typed up what I was feeling. And soon the summer was over and we got a cable modem and I posted so much writing on my website and I was no longer depressed but always waiting for something and I stopped being the friend that I was to myself. I stopped spending a lot of time alone with my journal, and that damn computer became a lifeboat that I thought brought you to land but I find exactly no longer and comfort in pen and paper nowhere in sight.



So he asked what I would have to write about and if I'm happy now, and if I think I have to write to feel happy, and I could only answer "not happy, but complete" and I couldn't explain the way I feel like my writing is more valid when it's put up there in public space on



my website, and these thoughts in my head they become valid when they're out and I take care of myself, look by when I'm not writing or packing, sometimes I'd like to need to speak a day or two or three to feel good and I don't know, where I get that release but I really don't think I do, and I find myself doing different things to forget my teeth or stop my sweat or stop the surges or red I feel in my face. I'm lucky to have this problem of not knowing how to communicate my feelings or put attention to my feelings as I get them without being neurotic. I instead go along with whatever until I come up some excuse for a feeling I have that I don't understand and I end up blaming my boyfriend because I think he's not fulfilling my needs, when it's really just me who's neglecting myself, who quit being my friend a while ago. I'm lucky for this problem because this idea, this mechanical upheaval of acid being clogged in the back of my throat and it's getting worse.



So it's been about writing that I've been writing about that uncomfortable release and sense of love (I guess) I feel after I've let out that cold hearted poem or truth-filled paragraph with tears filling up my eyes and my head on my pillow with the appropriate noise blowing softly enough to make anyone mad. That's called first page I felt after fights with mom as I turned against my door thinking of the best lines I could scribble down. And I guess I've

**A**djustments to everything - having our own home, making new friends and getting along with his, a job and a different lifestyle altogether. Looking back on family life and Santiago life, it will all take getting used to.

Watching you ~~remember~~ noting the way you walk, the way your years fit and the way you look when you think no one's watching the smiling or the way you stand, you the performance artist or the watcher. If I watch so much of the time observing and seeing when on spotlight I pull the plug and a quick reply for a comment of someone up with a too serious insect.

It's difficult in a way to protect myself. I find myself keeping back of myself (I'm not you personally thought to) over save. I feel thought to I'm making a decision about to write my silly thoughts to something I wanted to try to be sincere for you.

discontent not unusual I find myself with a turn of mind but much more than that I look back and I think I haven't been happy lately, but just not sad. I haven't settled in yet and there have been a lot of changes going in that I haven't had time to adjust to be fully digest and it's a big away from excitement, so many times in life for everyone at this age in quality of life. I'm only trying things and I'm kind of a guy who thinks that most people are a little bit of a happy not being happy and free. Also I think as much as writing about this stuff can hinder myself I dwell on it. I know its an imperative lot of things costs for me that feels better than this paper and not you or anyone else at my living else.



there are the jokes to get used to the strange and obvious sense of humor... and for a while I guess we were since middle school we had a hard time making friends. Exceptions since then have been having best friends who are more like other egos, who help bring out the outgoing in me, and alcohol which does the same thing. I have yet to find the happy medium between observing people, and actually interacting with them as I wish... but I think we're getting closer.

# HELLO JESSICA!

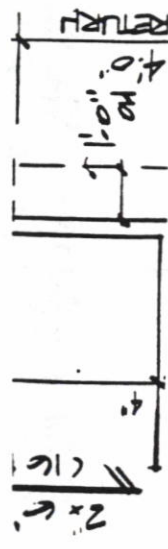
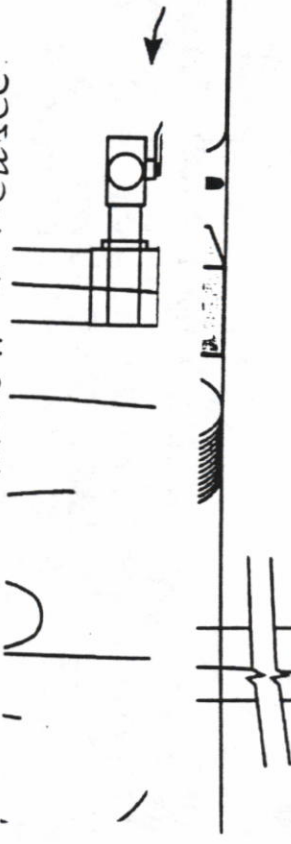
WELCOME TO KANSAS--

HMMM... I GUESS YA'  
KINDA ALREADY BEEN

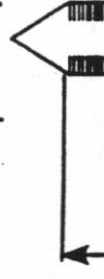
HERE. OH WELL.

LET'S BE FRIENDS  
AND STUFF. GOL!  
-Mike y-

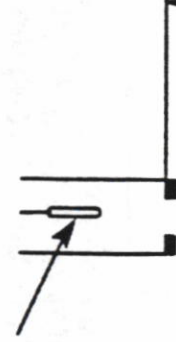
been writing about this becos this trip was preplanned as my healing time, and the only emotion I've felt so far is emptiness / nothing. And I've tried to reveal some heart by putting pen to paper but all that comes out is rough beginnings (I'm always bad at intros) and nothing important to say. And I've been desperately searching for good reads in zines and books, picky as always. So the theme seems to be writers' block of some sort. And here it is or there it was. Well see



not to scale



TRANSDUCER

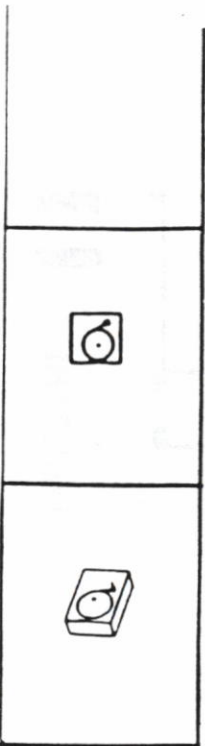
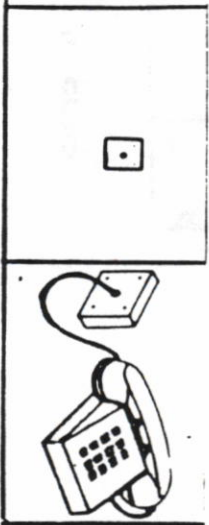


INTERVAL



**W**e left Berkeley in a hurry and went back to San Diego. All night ride to LA, and an early passenger sleeping ride to SD. We were back from our adventure in no time at all!..

telling us these things about punk rock scene. When and where, and after our car was hit by a water balloon, you gave us hugs and wore up the walk-bay to the co-op. we drove away on that rainy summer night, away from your beautiful hometown of Eugene, and I hope that short time with you. I did not bond with sunny park, board top games and singing, and your tip for a good one night's sleep, we were the last time we'd sleep.



it was a weird situation to be in. knowing each other for less than 24 hours, here we were, drunk together in an open windowed upstairs apartment in portland. and you both were telling me how smart and special it was.

"Is that your cat?" "We woke up to be on a meat feast and the passengers surrounding us and little angel at my feet."

"Yeah... sorry!"

"Oh good. you scared me. so for medical purposes right?" "One favorable situation of all time (went into but not to let anyone else see because the time for buying animals on the train was \$30.00. Although! how did angel get out? the hole in the side of the box had been chewed away, of course. I talked to the nice kids behind us who told us angel walked across the walkway, stood around, stopped, fell, and came right back to us. what we learned: stop up those holes 2) at next to nice kids

**A**ll of the sudden, feeling sick and disoriented from the two day train ride filled with beautiful sights of Colorado and some other states. Strange sights in new Mexico, purchasing only pepsi- owned products & salads, and a close call w/ angel, we were in humid Kansas. what to do now?



# O TRANSFER

# FUL

FULLERTON, CALIFORNIA



strangely, its looking back on the  
experience when you actually do  
experience it. and i dont know if  
i fully have yet.

We took the Amtrak out to Kansas no  
more than two weeks after we had  
arrived back in SD, along with the rats  
hiding in a small box, and five of my boxes  
which carried what I would then live out  
of.

